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**number  
magazine**

a quarterly  
of modern poetry

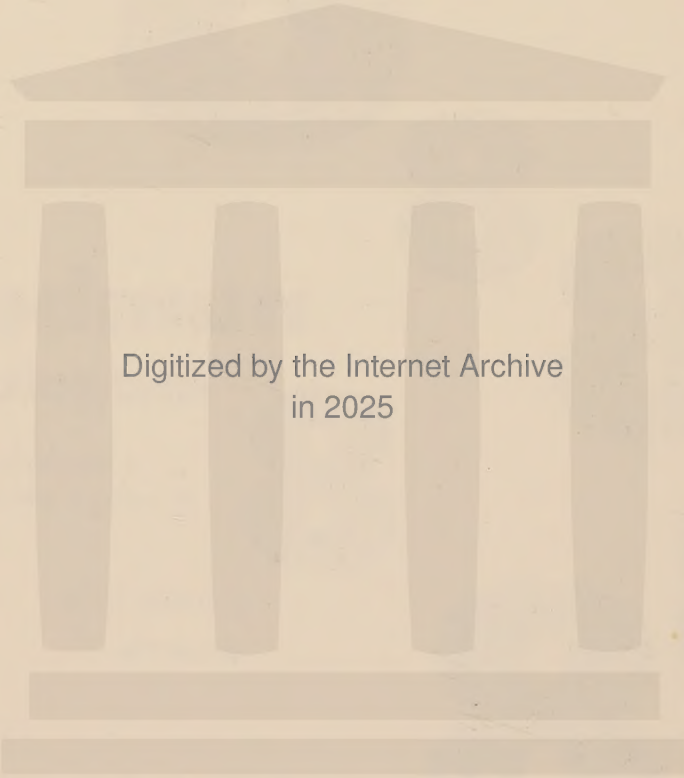
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**this is issue**

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# WALTRINA FURLONG

## DEATH OF FAUST

*Fair, oh fair  
I hold the nervous lands  
Where I begin.*

I

This autumn I do not cease to think of winter.  
Winter was begun with festivals,  
No one is sure it will end.

In the absence of the moon  
I lie listening to the ice river,  
Wondering will it be, in time,  
Comfortable.

Who were children with me in the world  
Are with me still as fathers  
And their death is no change of season,  
When that child unrewarded dies,  
Still unfamiliar,  
Returning to the dead face its innocence,  
Strange to the family,  
And the smile, saying,  
"No, it was not I who placed you under the cool trees."  
(You, speaking by another clock,  
In the cherub's wooden wings)  
When I, in fine silks,  
Called to the bird,  
Shortly fallen on snow.

But to be certain of what is known  
That is the strength of him  
Who has no lids for his eyes,  
When women like columns  
By the troll's bridge stand chanting,  
And unnoticed in the yellow bed of death  
The changling dies also.

I have seen this secret  
No one guards it from daylight.

I have met no one  
Who could not replace Death's choices.

So does it matter  
If the parks of summer lie under snow?  
If all festivals precede, none follow winter?

And no one now understands  
The flawed foundations of flowers  
Or why the figure in the light vanishes.

## 11

3

Here all wander during the sun's default,  
Amid the vertical winds wandering,  
The human figure and the after image.

By the straight laws find no cities.

The judges sleep  
And the guards are immense and blind.  
Go back to seduce him with environments and hungers.

"Come, it is hopeless.  
I will show you a country  
Where all around you are unreal,  
Where you will be, therefore, most powerful.

"Understand the dream  
And the necessity of a beginning.  
I will show you the most lonely place,  
Where you will have only one antagonist.

"Do not disturb the images  
Which surround the weak.  
Do not lead them into the desert.

"Do not avoid absolute change, but rather seek it out  
With the haste of a man escaping wolves.

"Avoid most that kindly mother  
Who would resurrect you.  
You may see her later  
As a tiger, as a flame,  
But now she is a fool.

"I can give you no assurance of anything, no keys,  
Except that you will do well to learn  
How to enjoy the excitement of fear,  
And to rest in it like an invisible babe."



III

My mother is blind,  
She spits in a bowl  
And calls me her baby.

My father does not remember me.  
His farm is idle  
The meadows rented to tents.  
He thinks I have come to buy the land.

When I die  
The last morning of the earth has been seen  
And there will have been  
No reason for anything.

I have learned much from that simple girl.  
There is the real victory,  
To see the flower at its muscular center  
And to be unable then to bear the fields in spring  
With their blossoming organs.

5

No, I must find something with no morning  
For I cannot stand the bitter afternoon.  
Myself with its wounds and pride returns  
And Marguerite's face follows like a merchant.  
No, I shall deceive her  
With my numbed hands.  
Oh, Marguerite, accept my smile.

#### IV

I am coming, now I am with you.  
It is only her shadow that follows.

Let me be born again  
And know a childhood without pain.

"It is not enough."

Then only let me dream that faultless youth.

"It is wasteful."

Then let me live as Romeo in the tomb  
With that strength in my heart always  
Though I shall be like a stone in heaven.

"It is not enough.

You would always die.

You would always go blind in summer."

#### V

What country is this where there is no sky?

"The same country."

Who are those who do not move  
Except to stir as the wind stirs?

"The righteous."



Who are those who retreat, murmuring,  
Into their caves  
Calling my voice rain?

"The nameless."

Who are those people gathered  
Among the fires and the booths?

"Those brilliant,  
The dispossessed, accusing, with behind them  
The void all others find amusing  
Where truth once stood spreading elegant pinions."

Why do they dance?

"Because their bones are burning."

Why do they eat?

"Because they hate the living."

Why do they lie down together?

"To become simple."

Why do they stab each other  
While I watch?

"Because they have known themselves  
And understood

And they seek revenge  
Like dying animals."

Who is that smiling with her throat cut?

"That is Mary, daughter of everywoman."

Has she a voice?

"None but that of a bird without memory."

Who is that roasting the meat?

"The Emperor."

Who is the one they carry on their shoulders?

"The one who has told them they are beautiful."

Who is the man twisting on the stake  
In the fire no one feeds?

"He who has told them  
How to leave this place  
And is now reviling himself."

\*\_\_\*\_\_\*\_\_\*\_\_\*

"The soldiers are coming."

Can I do nothing?

"You can become a stranger."

VI

The sun, which has made the east strange  
Now crosses all that is colored  
And the lily is tipped  
And those waters which are impermanent  
Have lifted.

When, with the craft of loneliness  
The unnecessary hope was dreamed  
Within this secure machine  
The small rebellion went unnoticed.  
Understand the dream  
And the necessity for a beginning.

"Come, it is hopeless.  
I am required to show you the last place,  
Which should have been the first.  
And you must take with you  
All memories  
And there perfect them.

And most helpful will be a love of vast spaces  
For the smallness of coffins is deceitful."

Beyond these volumes,  
These incantations and enemies,  
Pitted by the heat of blossoms  
Where the snow forever shudders in the low lights,  
Here is that morning, like night starred.

# KENNETH PETTITT

## TRANSFERS

I am crawled into a trunkette,  
with tissue tucks for the touching parts.  
I am my own waiting room.

I look at my own clock with a dumb  
cluck and trip on personal bird  
scissors, not as announced.

With bone-string on the unstrung, one's bones  
and best are cat-flopped.

"To scare it all by a 'Scat, cat' 's what,  
"or a 'Sbird, bird' ----"

But then they roundhouse me this line,

"Birdly, tom-comely, jiu-jitsu or you don't."

## THE CORRESPONDING POEM

Gentlemen dear,

Good ducks enough.  
Received yours hoping &  
wishing well, I hope  
the same. I hop most  
highly at you.

Your loving,

Bye-bye.

## DECK THE HALLS

The maze me me monitor  
In geese-eschewing chase there;  
Midst thus presents  
Me dittiful spansks devine.  
Oh, the pudding tense my-my of our pretended  
Is that miming by is mine.  
Earthsome bare, some erstwhile ornaments  
Plainly disimpended were.

## FISHING

The old sighs going solid;  
Ice is walked &  
sufficiently present.  
Well-timed &  
thin, this-fortunate, who  
takes request where fish-  
neaths ask and look.  
Better to fish fastest, open  
hooked-up doors of  
questions, be early to the ice  
easy give-away.  
Soon, no think,  
like if-thick ice, that flip-  
stiffs fish & throughs no looks.

## THE HATTER'S HARD TIMES

This birds-come-naturally world,  
    its fancy egg  
Seen out of, I figure to be droppable,  
    Knocking from within  
Or any busy candy.

Birds alive, but they're botchering me;  
    they no longer lay  
Themselves for a fashion, smooth  
    for the hats of the Community-to-do.

## LOS ANGELES

For lunch in Los Angeles  
For lunch in anguish  
Take a chocolate shake  
And a tuna fish sandwich.



## A FLOWERING

Where May has wood to keep color,  
lovely into June, the wedding cars  
are wrinkling by, the moon  
has been raised in a Baptist function.

Four May trees, pink and white  
with full bees in bloom, fell  
to Baptist axing  
and a sidewalk was newly-cemented over.

Now it is possible to see the full facade  
of the Baptist chapel  
and its brick promenade.

## DOGS FOR YOU

The third dog's a big boy's wagon,  
with its ears in its hair,  
and its head in a tight lady's stocking.

The bird's rain-spittered,  
with a lingering neck, pink and black,  
lipped by Dog Lively,  
in a mutton coat.

The dog's on shorts and puffs  
like a dog of cast-iron that was  
once chained to a pencil.

# MARIE GRAYBEAL

## TWO POEMS

1

Somewhere among the counties  
                                is the unregistered stranger,  
His shoulder out of sight:  
His eyes can splinter watchers  
Or declare a brevity of wars.

He finds no place to waken  
In an unfertile scenery,  
Twice headed for and once forsaken,  
Though the wind blowing like a cornered animal  
And the worriers come with sleeves hanging in ruins,  
The hair in thin veins, straightened by fingers  
And hands being darker than they are.

The odds are about him like skin,  
Who dares his love to the least disarmed and therefore  
most abundant foreigner.

And words the size of brains  
Post no meanings;  
Though the mouth calls out by opening  
The face carry its ancestral geography.

And the acute eagle who sees  
Is the dangerous one, reminder of heights and news.

II

In the strong basements  
Where voices crouch like rulers, the ghosts of doors  
Are closed like an elbow; there are dreams  
The size of skull, the hourly reminder  
Of loves locked under old eyes  
The heart without tenant or habitation.

And friends pass like seas  
Their endured landscape  
Neither blest nor pursued,  
The cold blue veins matching  
Invisible scars, the muscles like a tide  
Over the circled bone.

The heart, held like a bell  
Belonging to sound but remembered only,  
Knows the dreams along the cold waters  
Twice counted and remembered,  
The tears untouched by the hand.

And the woods are dark with disease  
The trees on the nailed sky  
The long wood leaning  
And murder in the branches  
Least covered, quickest removed,  
The modest but heartless friend  
Accurate in his withdrawal.

### III

Under the sky clear and sanded  
Where the moon shone,  
The shadows are changeable as lovers;  
The imperfect light, stripped of its fevers,  
The lies that wives tell, their wishes hidden  
Become the cautious invalid, transient and graceful;  
And they sleep without rapture, the sleeper unawakened  
Breathes beneath his scars, the stretched flesh  
Forlorn above bone. . . .

Where the brow emerges  
Heavier than daylight, the brain darkens  
In its formula of blood.  
The round cold surf  
Breaks as fingers break, the polite rivers  
Turning inland, the wrists of waters  
Thinner along the land's edge.

*Marie Graybeal*

# ANN FIELDS

## TO ME ON THE BEACH

Above the curved waves and the spray  
from the flock one gull will rise  
tilting into the wind the ladders between his bones.

To the man on the cliff  
the underneath of the wing is sky,  
but to me on the beach (where a near bird alights,  
reaching out his legs like keys,  
hardening his shoulders like a bud)  
a bright hilt of a bird is extinct in air,  
entering the unportaled shadow of the high cliff.

# BETTY TURNOY

## FOUR POEMS

I

I cannot tell you where I am going;  
do not ask for my discovery:  
I will be there among the objects and dissensions:  
that which remains has not far to travel.

There is one who watches behind a tree  
the popular movement, the crossways flight  
and exaltation  
the several motions of bird  
in the air expanding.

As a child pushes away the many unnamed faces  
All doors opening at once:

His face the parent face: his center  
a bronze and immobile cast like a nurse or nightmare.  
Never leave me, he says, (his anger a restriction)  
or I will crush the head between fingers as a flower-  
part from stems.

What he will perpetuate — that is always beginning:  
and the journey is always with us: and lips moving,  
the tongue and breath between them.

A concern mutual and current advances  
and fills the void:  
and yet the smile like a pardon of an imperfect mother:  
this is not my reprieve. It is a positive prediction.

The hills do not tremble as our features:  
these cannot join with or concentrate or light  
the room darkened by voyagers and birds.



II

If I within in the confines of this page  
by the dark cast of a word  
could cache the shadow of a wing in flight  
sharing the fluency of air  
which both bird and I feel in the ruff;  
or trace the scent of the hidden tree of heaven  
(Ailanthus or stinkweed to the sensible body)  
then I would not mind my mind's nervous eye  
requiring strangeness as my second sight.

### III

Each of us by daylight, by door revolving  
reaches to each by lintel edge toward entrance.  
But the barrier is low and below beholding  
the voice partial as ours  
holds weakness a friend, stronger than error.

We have met before, or not at all  
so live various lives  
on the first step of what we loved  
or not at all.

Leave the unwilling body  
without forehead or hero  
stand without notion of limit  
accustomed to place.

Looks deal in longing and sometimes flatter faces  
one among us, just, bare of bias, shares our fear  
confesses to react less out of love.

"My childhood," she said, "an evasion, pass-over."  
Break fast for deep fishing or facing  
what in the scaling of fear is confession,  
a continual feasting on what is past.

Who is there would not wish us well  
(if) willing to bear that knowing  
each is alone, perennial disgrace.  
The steeps, the fire for giving, though casually.

#### IV

The weather continues to work in our gardens  
its rage of belief.

A rupture in the retaining wall  
floods us with conscience:  
We fight the animal that calls within;  
our grief grown controversial  
sends us a partner, physical but small,  
questions, the need for talk.

We dig after dilemmas, a bone for his dog;  
our sense of impoverishment, like a solicitor,  
pursuant.

All day the work of our brain  
hunts for a future, someone to notice,  
a lovely direction.  
But at night, when the lights turn in their tallow,  
the table turns from our talk,  
we await the last intruder, the Supper Guest  
fills our cup. Him we love least  
stays our execution.

The heads have howled their machinery,  
deliberate and cross,  
we need to cover, as with logic,  
our active sense of loss.

# MARIE WELLS

## OTHERS STAND OFF

How others stand off from host:  
Beholder; hawkmoth;  
Blue-biased angel.  
From salients of dispassion part  
Sponsors of ankled bell  
And the belled  
Crossroad chimera.

Autumns unraft the long straw;  
Coasts of another island  
Collect logs of rumourless drift;  
Along the mosaic path  
To the pigeon house by the river  
(Mouth full of hemp and sorrel  
Heart doubling in recognition)  
Waylays the cross-placed random  
As branch and bespoken fall  
Under an edgeless axe.

Stressed wind of wasped hollows:  
A hornet sounds in the sandglass.  
And what has been given  
But insistence of thistle  
And gaugeless meeting  
Down the gathered streams.

When comes the divider — his caliper eye —  
O incapable of this remover's glamour  
(after such chiton-close embrace,  
rock-muscd shell!)

No choiceless severence  
That unskins the compelled breast  
Caress you.

Within an armed parenthesis  
Sleep unpersuadable  
Limpeted fast  
Upon that permanent falter.

# ROBERT BARLOW

## TO ONE RESCUED

Dropped by the tiger, you whose wounds  
  brim red  
In a lace of torment  
Where the fang pushed in and felt your arm-bone's  
  shape inside your arm,  
Scattering the sinews, slackening the body's bow-cord:  
Though the desert he dragged you through were  
  fifty miles greater,  
Though the day were fifty hours longer,  
Would you call us with our antelope-hide shields,  
Our clubs,  
To break his low flower face  
A second time?



## FROM THIS TREE

From this tree

No further fruit.

Search the boughs, look where the ant looks;

Only as cold-veined snakes knotting on the mud,

Daggering their birds at a shadow,

Will they respond.

A fire has bounded past

And the bark is blistered.

# JEANNE McGAHEY

## SEA SERPENT

*Where shall he walk?  
On the berry colored salt and atlas sea.  
Who shall his crony be?*

*Not any.*

*Who shall leige him?*

*None. . .*

*No not my love, my lord lion, stalking at  
timber line*

*His large and meadow-wandering kill:  
and his weed shall be*

*Of orible.*

Old fogies in the rusty weather

Dream for a dram or two

that kelpy

Locomotive length:

and the legless complains to his boot

How the gone bone aches

(and god knows in what hallway

of haik and crail).

He has thought of murder

As if it were a key,

But not in this country.

Ahab, Ahab,

Rager over the bluebell perilous water

After mild whales —

Where's among you

A lubber he climbs to his crow's tree:  
Fumbling lines:

And a ho in his throat  
For a stranger—

But he hears a whine from the north  
Like a dutchman's hail  
And the slack sea heaves like a tub,  
And he turns, and ah beholds  
As if his eyes were agate  
That great rearhorse  
Rise from his glory hole,

lift up

His high Iberian head  
With the immense curled horn,  
And hurling a wake of larks  
So move on Britain!

Later he walks the dry and hilly deck  
As one returned from a cape or an ambush  
With an odd anger.

His shadow bends at his heel  
And marked by holystone.

And the whales go by in couples—the warehouse brow  
The merry eye like a mayflower.

Daily he calls their blow.

But ever the sea's wide ring retreats and he follows after:  
And the dolphins follow his mark upon the water.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD. By Stendhal. New York: Vintage Books (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.); 376 pp.; \$.95.

HAWTHORNE'S SHORT STORIES. Edited by Newton Arvin. Vintage Books (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.); 363 pp.; \$.95.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE ACCIDENT WARD. By Frank Mundorf. New York: American Press; 47 pp.; \$2.50.

THE SECOND MAN. By Louis O. Cox. Madison, Wisc.: Univ. of Wisconsin Press; \$2.75.

SHELOMO. By Robert K. Rosenberg. Baltimore, Md.: priv. printed by R. K. Rosenberg, Riviera Apts. 6D, Baltimore, Md.

POEMS 1955. By Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin. Memphis, Tenn.: priv. printed; 22 pp.; no price given.

MELODIES OF LOVE. By Myrtle Titus Sturgeon. New York: Greenwich Book Publr.; 64 pp.; \$2.50.

THE STONE ELEGIES. By Seymour Gresser. 923-24 Fidelity Bldg., Baltimore 1, Md.; International Literature and Art Co.; 20 pp.; no price given.

THE POETIC WORKMANSHIP OF ALEXANDER POPE. By Rebecca Price Parkin. Minneapolis, Minn.: Univ. of Minn.; 239 pp.; no price given.

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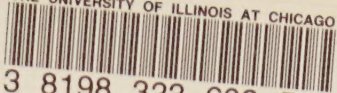








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